UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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These Things Shall Be!

By CURTIS W. REESE

Reflections of a Liberal on Russia

By ALAN DARE

The City of Brisk in the State of Edona

By WILLIAM C. ALLEN

Einstein in Chicago

By LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD

The Need of Spiritual Fires

By LUCIA TRENT

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

To Sister India

Lord, we are tired of brazen trumpets
and clanging cymbals.
Wilt thou not anoint us with the love
that thinketh no evil?

Ancient land of seers and saints,
Lover of religion,
Home of the compassionate Buddha,
Of Mahatma Gandhi,
Of Ramakrishna, the Great Reconciler,
And of the Christ of the Indian Road;
One calls you Mother India, yet fails
to see your spiritual greatness,
Flaunts your faults in the face of the
world,
And charges you with graver sins
denied by those who know you best.
Only to eyes that are touched with
love may truth be revealed.
Harsh on the ear falls the sound of
the trumpets and cymbals.

O India, my sister,
When you shrink under such cruel
blows
My flesh shrinks, too,
My heart beats with yours.
But O, my sister,
Forget not the teaching of your holy
men through the ages,
That love alone has power to overcome.
Be not distracted by hate,
But show the nations of the West by
your serenity and peace,
Deep as the tranquillity of some blue
Himalayan lake,

That all things, even blunders,
Can help us on the upward path;
That all things, even harshness and
error,
Can bring us nearer to that final Union
Which is the goal of all our diverse
striving.

—*Mabel R. White*
The Churchman

Letter to the Jews in the U. S. A.

[This letter is written to present the appeal of a small but active group of Young German Jews with the intention of conveying some realization of the view of Jewish religious ethics as applied to certain world events.]

A frightful spectre—unemployment—stalks the world, dragging behind it immeasurable misery, both spiritual and material. Millions of strong men, eager for life, want work and stand before closed doors. Despair grips their families. Poverty leads them to utter confusion over everything that exists. Political and social slogans, boundless hate and disturbances, due to a thousand motives, surge in a whirlpool of misery.

Germany stands in the very center of the present turmoil of excitement and disturbance. A parliamentary election in the midst of political fever and economic misery has torn open an abyss of rage and terror. The countless watchwords by which people have imagined they could find a way out of the chaos, have finally culminated

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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1931 NUMBER 3

NINEVEH

When Jonah was cast up upon the shore of Nineveh
Wrath was in his heart. Her orgulous towers
Like unto Babel or Sodom whom God destroyed
Aroused his righteousness. *Delenda est* . . .

Howbeit from Sodom came Lot, and out of Babel, Babylon,
And vain was the destroying, for the root of evil they slew not
Therefore the children of Nineveh were spared for a symbol
That they who ask repentance may not deny mercy.

But thou, Oh England, queen of the wide seas,
How shall I remember thee, mother of my days?
Shall I forget the chains, and the slaves that bear them?
Shall I tell of plunderous wars and the Saint at the stake,
A maid burned for vengeance? Shall I remember
Age-long sorrows of Erin, broken and bleeding,
Or of the dark sons of the South, by the sweat of whose brows thou livest?
The East, red with thy vaunted peace, and the Saints of God
Butchered again for pride and the lust of power?

Lest in my heart these things should bring forth seed of hatred,
Show me the naked hills, and the little fields that are England,
"Thou that stonest the prophets" . . . There was a patriot
Greater than Caiaphas or Winston Churchill.

That was brave love, that loved unblinded.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Editor of UNITY is in receipt of a cable message from Mahatma Gandhi which he must share with readers of this paper. This message is as follows:

> Have followed with gratefulness your efforts on behalf of India. If India comes to her own, it will be the largest contribution to world peace. As a *Satyagrahi* civil resister, I should strive for peace, as I must hold myself in readiness for war.

This message is a document of great importance in the present situation in India. It shows three things distinctly. First, that Gandhi's mind is set steadfastly on the ultimate goal of independence for his people. Secondly, that he is resolved to exhaust, at any cost of time and patience, every peaceful means of attaining this goal. Thirdly, that he is ready, at any moment when or if peaceful means fail, to continue that steady pressure of revolt which has already shaken British rule to its foundations. To those who have learned to know the mind of Gandhi, and to understand its methods and policies, these are matters of no surprise. But it is well to have them re-emphasized at first hand in these days when utterly misleading newspaper despatches are misinterpreting Indian conditions to the American public. One would judge from what is coming to us in the despatches that the decisions of the Round Table Conference are entirely satisfactory to the great masses of the Indian people, as well as to their leaders—that the Mahatma has in recent weeks been seeking a way of accepting these decisions, and at the same time of saving his own face—and that if the Mahatma for any reason does not surrender his cause to the Viceroy and to the Indians who went to London, he is a traitor at once to his own country and to the world. This, of course, is poisoned propaganda. The position of Gandhi and the Congress has been clear for months, and has not changed. The Nationalist movement has not the slightest intention of throwing away the vast power of revolt, organized with much infinite labor and sacrifice, for any such mess of pottage as was brewed at Westminster. Gandhi, as wise in statesmanship as he is pure in sainthood, is the one who is laying down terms. It is England and not India which must surrender and make peace. When the Mahatma started on his march to Dandi a year ago, he put his hand to the plow, and he will not look back.

Cabinets are having a hard time of it in Europe. French ministers, like railroad train schedules, are subject to "change without notice." Spanish ministries hide behind machine-guns, sit on bombs, and thank heaven that they are living from day to day, to say nothing of holding office. The German cabinet is like a tight-rope walker desperately struggling to escape a fall. While the Labor cabinet in Great Britain survives at the kind behest of Lloyd George who exacts his terms without mercy. Only in this country do the executive heads of government sit securely in their seats and, like Ajax, defy the lightnings of party politics and popular prejudice to do their worst. We wonder how many times the Hoover cabinet would have fallen in the last two years, if we enjoyed the parliamentary system of administration in America? Would it have been able to weather the sudden storm of the market crash of 1929? Would the long and

torturing business depression of 1930 have worn down its support and at last accomplished its overthrow? Would the grand fiasco of the Wickersham Report have brought its end? These, of course, are all fanciful and therefore perhaps foolish questions. As matters are in this nation, President Hoover holds his own, and by the fall of 1932 may well be in a position to conduct a vigorous campaign and win full measure of public support. For times change—even such times as these! —and disaster today may easily be turned into triumph tomorrow. All of which raises the question as to which of these two forms of government is the better. We have always been a champion of the English Parliament, believing that this is the essence of pure democracy in its quick response to the people's will. But since witnessing the MacDonald ministry—as unpopular in England as Hoover is in America—compromising and bargaining to hold office at any price, and thus defeating the operation of the democratic process by disgraceful action as effectually as by constitutional decree, we feel some doubts. Personally, we think it a more decent and dignified procedure for Hoover to remain in Washington in obedience to the law of the land than for MacDonald to remain at Westminster by bribing his rivals to leave him alone.

When the Indian situation was most tense, with Gandhi and the Viceroy in the last stages of their discussion, we chanced to find ourselves in Boston. On a Sunday morning, we grabbed the newspaper to catch the latest despatch from New Delhi. On the front page was a sprawling murder story from Haverhill, Massachusetts. A wealthy widow had been felled, and fatally injured, by a hammer, and a well-known high school boy had been arrested as the perpetrator of the crime—all the familiar, sensational features of a first-class tabloid yarn! But on this front page of a journal as serious and distinguished as the Boston *Herald*, there was no mention of India. We began turning the pages feverishly, but all in vain. We could find nothing. Then on an obscure page of one of the remoter sections of this Sunday edition of the paper, we found an A. P. despatch which snatched our breath away. The committee of the India Nationalist Congress had voted not to accept the Viceroy's offer, and Gandhi was to see him for the final interview between the two on the next day. This placing of the murder story and of the India despatch is a beautiful illustration of what our newspapers, even those of the better class, think of what is going on in the world. Here in an obscure Massachusetts city was a crime of violence, of a character unhappily all too familiar in this country, involving persons of no imaginable importance, and having interest for nobody beyond the limits of a comparatively small neighborhood. This was given first place in the paper, with headline display that covered columns. Here on the other hand was a situation in a great country of immense moment to the vast population of that country, to the rulers of the British Empire, and to all intelligent persons everywhere. For upon the outcome of the negotiations between Gandhi and Lord Irwin hung not merely the destiny of Britain, but also at bottom the peace of the world. Yet this story, which had to do with matters which will be remembered centuries hence, was relegated to a hidden corner of the paper's remotest sheet. Do we wonder that the public today has no sense of values? Is it not obvious why people are interested not in serious questions but only in the latest ephemeral and sensational episodes of the moment? A newspaper age is an ignorant, silly, superficial, stupid age. What do such qualities not bode for the future?

The terms of the Franco-Italian naval agreement have not been published at this writing. They will probably appear before this editorial is printed. If they fulfil the promise of the early announcements, then it must be agreed that Mr. Henderson, Foreign Secretary of the British Labor Cabinet, has performed one of the great diplomatic feats of our time. The London Conference, it will be remembered, had been to all intents and purposes nullified by the failure of France and Italy to agree. All progress toward disarmament was being hopelessly blocked by the fears, suspicions and hostilities existing between these two powers. The peace of Europe was threatened by few situations more seriously than that of the menacing preparations for war on the frontiers and especially on the seas of these former allies and friends. Now comes Mr. Henderson, by a straight stroke of old-fashioned, face-to-face statesmanship, to achieve an accord which has for months been deemed impossible. That the agreement should validate the London Treaty is not a fact of large importance, for this treaty is not in itself of large importance. What is impressive is that two jealously contending nations have been brought together in an arrangement which ends discord and opens wide the way to effective action in the approaching Geneva Conference. Disarmament, in other words, or some progress thereto, impossible yesterday, is no longer impossible today. Something may be done when the representatives of the great powers get together and talk cruisers, battleships, aeroplanes and submarines. Europe still seems to us to be a pretty stormy place. The horizon is still dark—black in certain directions, as, for example, Germany. But here at last is a ray of light which may presage the dawn. Whether or no, Mr. Henderson and his colleague, Mr. Alexander, have done a brave, far-sighted, dramatic thing. A few more feats of statesmanship like this, and the "next war" may be avoided.

The annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union is a melancholy document. It records that violations of the constitutional rights of citizens were more numerous last year (1930) than in any previous year since 1921. This indicates a set-back in the cause of liberty which is serious, if not positively alarming. In seeking causes, the Union places main responsibility upon the unemployment crisis which prevailed with ever-increasing intensity during the year just past. This crisis, on the one hand, made the government and the governing classes generally to be fearful of outbreaks and disturbances, and therefore quick to clap on the lid. On the other hand, it created an occasion for demonstrations upon the part of the idle, promptly utilized to their own advantage in various cities by the Communists. This combination of forces led, of course, to various and frequent clashes, with resulting violations of all elementary rights of free speech and free public assembly. Notable during the past year was the sudden revival of the "red scare" and the appointment of the Fish Committee to hunt out the bogie-man from Moscow. This Committee held portentously solemn hearings and presented a report as mock-serious as a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Happily Congress was too busy with politics, etc, to pay much attention, and the "scare" died of its own absurdity. None the less, the tinder of panic is here, and it only needs a spark of agitation or well-directed propaganda to set it off. Which means that the fight for liberty under law, and for sanity in society, has still to be won! Again, as so often before, we commend the American Civil Liberties Union (100 Fifth Avenue, New York) to the goodwill and support of our readers. We are often asked—what can *I* do to help in these dreadful times? We answer—join the sustaining membership of the Civil Liberties Union, and thus help America to be true to her own best self.

The death of the New York *World* is the greatest tragedy in the history of American journalism. Of course, the purchasers of the paper declare that the change marks "a rebirth" of the *World,* but this is nothing but language intended to conceal what is at bottom a first-class disaster. Not that the New York *World* was a perfect newspaper! Its news service was woefully inadequate and "spotty" as compared with that of its great competitor, the *Times.* It tended to exaggerate the common and sensational at the expense of the permanently interesting and important elements in the day's events. Its adherence to the "wet" cause had become a mania which sapped its sanity and destroyed its intelligence in the discussion of Prohibition. And its thick-and-thin support of the Democratic Party made its claims to political independence not a little ridiculous. None the less, the *World* was a great paper. Its spirit was essentially liberal and fearless, and its purpose genuinely democratic. It had honest sympathy for popular causes, and a deep-rooted hatred of injustice and oppression. Its editorial page was on the whole the ablest and most outspoken in the nation. Above all, it clung to the idea, now almost dead in the field of journalism, that a newspaper is not merely a purveyor of news and opinion but must serve as well as a crusader for righteous causes. Again and again the *World,* single-handed, dragged corruption into the light, assailed and dethroned wickedness in high places, and initiated reform movements which became a part of the nation's history. It is a sign of the times that such a paper could no longer be supported in the first city of the land. More and more is journalism become a business, with little room for character, intellect and the high ideal. This does not mean that earnest and able newspapers are not left. But when a journal like the *World* sells out and disappears, something serious has happened which bodes no good for the future of the state.

These Things Shall Be!

We should like to suggest several things which we believe will in the world of tomorrow be so different from the current situation that the result will amount to a rather complete revolution.

First, *machines shall be the servants of man, not man the servant of machines.* It is trite to say that this is a machine age. It has been called an age of "billions of wild horses." The machine is a symbol of more than machinery. It symbolizes the mode of modern living in the Western world. We ourselves are convinced that the machine is a good thing, that the machine age has brought innumerable benefits to man. The utilitarian, technological machine age appeals to us as moving in the right direction. While we are not unaware of the dangers connected with a machine age, it is our opinion that the way out of the difficulties is not back to a more primitive form of society but on through to the control of the machine for human purposes.

By means of controlled machinery it will be possible to reduce labor in point of both time and stress, and increase income and the goods that income procures.

Then will be the problem of leisure. Here again the machine must serve man and not man the machine. For example, if means of transportation are not controlled in the light of worthy reasons for travel, they are not serving man. Just to ride because you have a car or to fly because you have a plane, without due regard for purposes, proportion and reason is to be a

slave to your means of transportation. And similarly with all machines.

Second, *institutions shall be servants of man, not man the servant of institutions.* A long time ago a teacher said, apropos a certain well established institution, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." To regard institutions as the servants of man is not to underrate them, but rather to give them purpose and to justify their being. Institutions are part of our cultural patterns without which we could hardly survive. But institutions as such are never sacred, and when regarded as ends in themselves, they are positively harmful. We should constantly bring institutions—home, school, church, state, and the like, under careful scrutiny to determine their worth; and the criterion should be, not are there some good things in them, not did they once serve man, but do they now adequately serve man, and do they give promise of such mobility as will make them serve man's new needs in the new age of tomorrow?

In examining old institutions and in creating new ones we should be guided by critical intelligence, not by slogans, not by prejudices, not by a one hundred percent orthodoxy of any kind—conservative or radical —but by critical intelligence. And the criterion is, the service of man.

Third, *symbols shall serve realities.* One of the greatest dangers in both thinking and in emotional attachments is that of mistaking symbols for the things symbolized. Take, for example, "words." "Words" are symbols for meanings. In their use there are three dangers. One is that they will not be allowed to grow, that they will be buried in dictionary meanings. (A good definition of a dictionary is a graveyard of symbols.) A still greater danger is that words will be used to mean something utterly different from anything justified by their history. You will remember that when in Wonderland, Alice and Humpty Dumpty had an argument over this very matter. Humpty Dumpty said, "Words mean just what I want them to mean, nothing more nothing less." Alice replied, "But the question is, can words mean so many different things?" "The question," said Humpty Dumpty, "is, who is master, that's all." Chivalry as well as reason requires that we take our stand by Alice.

But the danger with which we are now concerned is that of mistaking symbols for the meanings that are symbolized. "Americanism," which really symbolizes liberty, cooperation, commonwealth, has become the shibboleth of every narrow-minded, bigoted, prejudiced group that tries to corner this country for their special racial, religious, or political interests. We must not forget that "Americanism" stands for liberty, cooperation, commonwealth.

Another type of symbol is the "flag." The flag is sometimes used to adorn situations that are un-American and predatory. We should honor the flag, but honor it understandingly, and discriminatingly, as a symbol of refuge, liberty, cooperation, commonwealth.

Other illustrations could be given, such as "platitudes" and "aphorisms" which have survived the death of their meaning if they ever had any, and which now serve only to confuse thought and misdirect emotion.

Fourth, *means shall serve ends.* We think most people agree in principle with this statement, that means exist for the service of ends; but in practice it is quite different. For example, a technique of doing things is a means; the thing aimed at is the end. But frequently the technique, which is the way of doing certain things, as in ritualistic practices, overshadows the end in view, becomes an end in itself, and the original end is lost from sight. I think this is what happens in most ritualistic performances, or for that matter in any habitual, formal way of doing things.

As a boy we remember being urged to form "good habits." Far be it from us even now to forsake the doctrine of "good habits"; nevertheless, there is grave danger that "the habit" will overshadow "the good."

The sum of the matter is that the world of tomorrow can be and must be controlled for human well-being. The first plank in the platform of a modern person should be the possibility and the desirability of the intelligent control of world processes for human satisfaction. Once this idea becomes a conviction then all things will be possible. But first the basic idea must be clear, namely, the possibility and the desirability of the intelligent control of world processes for human satisfaction.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Jottings

The "wets" made a great mistake when they tried to prove that the 18th Amendment was unconstitutional. What they should have done was to prove that the Constitution itself was unconstitutional. Instead of trying to destroy a part, they should have tried to destroy the whole. Then, having gotten rid of the government, they could drink as much as they liked!

The Chicago *Evening Post* and the New York *World* collapsed the same month. If great churches died as fast as great newspapers, what would we say?

Eleven states in the American Union permit girls to marry at twelve years of age. The Russell Sage Foundation estimates that in 1925 there were 343,000

then living wives who had begun their married life as children. Tell us, Katherine Mayo, can India show anything as bad as this

---

The wage loss from unemployment in New York City is estimated to be $80,000,000 per month. And the people are told to end the business slump by *buying now!* Suppose that somebody tell us where the people are to get the money to do this buying.

"We have only 6% of the world's population," says the Detroit *Free Press,* "yet we produce 40% of the world's coal, 70% of its oil, 54% of its copper, 55% of its cotton, 52% of its lumber, and 58% of its paper." Yeah! And 70% of its burglaries, 75% of its murders, and 100% of its lynchings!

"When the sun rises, I go to work;
When the sun goes down, I take my rest;
I dig the well from which I drink;
I farm the soil that yields my food.
I share creation; kings do no more."
Old Chinese poem, dated 2500 B. C.

In China yesterday; not in America today! Is the world progressing?

J. H. H.

Reflections of a Liberal On Russia*

Modern Liberalism in both religion and politics is a comparatively recent phenomenon. Even in England it is hardly older than Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, although certain great individuals upon the Continent like Voltaire, Rousseau and Goethe certainly anticipated in their own lives and struggles its great conquests and illuminations. Its first incarnation in government was in the Dutch Republic; its greatest and most enduring has been in the American Constitution and the British Parliamentary system. Everywhere, even in America, under the stress and strain of world war, the weight of colossal accumulations of wealth and power in private hands, the development of class feeling, and the insolence of dictatorships, Black and White and Red, Liberalism is on the defensive today.

Modern democratic Liberalism, born of an enlightened individualism, found its spirit and philosophy succinctly expressed in the famous aphorism of Thomas Jefferson, to wit: "The best government is that government which governs least." This wholesome contempt for government, as such, so characteristic a feature of early American freedom, is passing away even in America as the need for increasing governmental regulation of industry and commerce, to the end of avoiding conflict and preventing oppression of the poor by the rich, and preserving some equality and freedom of opportunity, appears to be more and more necessary and proper. Such contempt almost never existed, one may say, in Europe, save among certain limited groups of mercantilists and religious sectarians. Liberalism in religion, likewise, believing that the true teaching of Christianity is one which finds, or creates, transcendant values in the individual human soul, has tended more or less confidently and courageously to affirm the moral sovereignty, not merely of "the people" in a political sense, but of the individual human being against the pressing social and legal coercions of the State and those who dominate it. Particularly in countries exhibiting a multiplicity of Christian denominations and no established Church, has liberalism inclined more and more towards the position long ago heroically expressed and affirmed by the great Anarchs and Christian super-resisters of history, from Galileo and Campanella, John Bunyan and George Fox, who refused even to doff the hat in the presence of Cromwell, then bashi-bazouk and Bolshevik-in-Chief of the realm of England, to Thoreau and Garrison and Phillips, Tolstoy, Rolland, and Gandhi.

Knowing that Tolstoy embodied in his professions and complicated dynamic person the most impressive doctrine of Christian anarchism and enlightened, or devout, individualism in modern Europe, and that two years ago was marked the centenary of his birth, I journeyed into Russia to learn what I could at first hand of what had become of Russia and of Tolstoyanism in the crash of Czarism and the thunders of social revolution.

Upon reflection, a few days after departing from the vast and penitential land of suffering and reformation, I could think of no man to whom the spirit and practice of Russian government, today no less than before the Revolution, could come with greater shock than to your modern Liberal in politics or religion; and the deeper and truer a Liberal he is, the greater will be his shock in visiting Soviet Russia today, and the more pronounced will be his indignation and incomprehension of much that he must see and feel there in every department of life.

Russian society, colorful, semi-oriental, polyglot and enchanting, as all the world knows, was reduced to dust and ashes and to the raw bones of primitive animalism by the terrible impact of certain remorseless ideas and the collisions of certain ruthless social forces through seven years of war, revolution and civil strife on ten fronts. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that the first strong feeling that sweeps through a traveller from the West on entering Soviet Russia is that he is wandering forlornly in an elegant cemetery, examining the florid monuments and deserted palaces of those who flourished in light and splendor against a dark and lonely background of illimitable land, upon the shoulders of a kind, illiterate, inert peasantry, and who have now vanished, leaving behind them their stately mansions, polychromatic churches and wide parks to be possessed by vulgarians with their noisy propaganda and crude manners. How, in the presence of so much humanity that was disinherited and dis-

*Editor's Note: We print this article not because we accept its viewpoint, or agree with its interpretation of the new Russia, which seems to us one-sided and inadequate, but because we think it important as the testimony of honest reaction upon the Soviet "dictatorship of the proletariat." The author of this article is a well-known American Liberal who has paid in this country a heavy price for his convictions and therefore has a right to speak.

tressed, those incompetent and irresponsible tinsel aristocrats of yesteryear flourished as long as they did, how they ever built and fashioned, or imported from Italy, France and Flanders, so many beautiful and exquisite things, is one of many mysteries of history. Their colored palaces of clearest classic architecture, whose exquisite colors are fading from the walls, may be visited today; the plaster is dropping in decay to the grass that is dusty and unkempt. A cool, austere, irrevocable air, as of death, and a scent as of outburned incense drifts everywhere; but they are still there, these stately deserted mansions. Some of them have been converted into dormitories for school children and waifs; some have become summer-colonies and recreation-centers; several are still filled with beautiful things from a world that has gone under, with Empire furniture and Gobelin tapestries, with imperial porcelain and gleaming ikons, with portraits by master-artists, with velvet hangings and cloth of gold. And while you are admiring them, it is more than likely that your meditations will be disturbed by the arrival of a drove of confident young proletarians, stolid, shabby, credulous, often good-looking, being conducted through the gallery or the museum by guides and guidesses who lose no time in imparting the necessary information which a young proletarian should know about how the accursed bourgeoisie once lived and languished among these luxuries until the working-masses, finally organized and marshalled by Comrade Lenin and the Party, in time seized and inherited all their stately possessions and proclaimed them the property of the proletariat; and how, therefore, they—the youngsters—must stand guard for working-class Russia against all the envious capitalist world, lest they lose all the victories they have won. They must also be ready to assist their oppressed brothers and sisters in all other countries who look longingly towards Russia as the dawn-land of the coming Scientific Civilization and, seeking to follow their example, to claim their several countries for Communism, are persecuted and condemned to capitalist prisons. . . . If you, gentle traveller, happen to be wearing a pressed suit and a white collar conventional in bourgeoisdom, you will probably be made sharply aware that you do not belong to the righteous of this earth, that, in fact, in this time and place, you personify the enemies of the working-class, the exploiters and the wicked of men, to be shunned and condemned by all righteous, patriotic proletarians; and unless you skilfully parry it, you will be shortly made unpleasantly conscious that you are surrounded by an invisible and almost impassable wall of mistrust and official ostracism, amounting to a kind of collective excommunication.

I said that the first impression of Soviet Russia is that of a cemetery, of a populous desert overshadowed by new factories, haunted by ghosts of a society and a civilization that has disappeared, of an ornate and fascinating, polished and cruel, irresponsible and incompetent aristocracy that has gone forever. But it also becomes apparent very soon that most of whatever existed of an intelligentsia, of a cultivated and good-spirited middle-class, has vanished also,—exiled or starved into silence and extinction. Later, one learns that some of it is still living, disguised as clerks and school teachers, interpreters and typists, "experts" and artists, all members of trade-unions and living as best they can under suspicion and censorship against a dark background of mystery and coercion. The entire middle-class population of Tiflis, capital of Georgia, once a flourishing and favored city, appeared on the streets in rags and weeds the morning after the Bolshevik invasion five years ago—or appeared not at all. Some of these people continue to live with their memories and hopes; many have been imprisoned and exiled. If you are arrested, as you may be at any time from Erivan to Leningrad on suspicion of what is called "counter-revolutionary sympathies," just because you are not of proletarian parentage or *sans-culotte* complexion, you may be sure that you will be discriminated against by the court and whatever law there is; and you may sit or work in prison, without right or trial or jury or bail, month after month, guessing, if you can, why you have been arrested and for what crime you are guilty. Quite possibly it is for the crime of having associated with visiting foreigners or representatives of foreign institutions, of having visited them in their homes, of having been seen as their guest at a theatre. . . .

Not long ago, a year or so, ten or more members of a harmless Theosophical society in Moscow were arrested and deported to far Siberia because their discussions of Theosophy were deemed "counter-revolutionary." Although there are several new libraries in Moscow, filled with "safe" and approved proletarian literature, and many groups studying foreign languages, *no literary, religious, social or recreational society is permitted to exist in Soviet Russia,* excepting the Orthodox church services, save in connection with, and when controlled by, a trade-union or some Communist praesidium. No debating society, private school, no course of lectures, no club-house or reading-room, no private society, not even an athletic association, does exist, or will be permitted to exist, save when organized and directed by the trade-unions, the Government, the Communist Party in and behind both,—or by one or their numerous subsidiaries. No peace movement is tolerated or allowed use of the mails. The result of all this, especially outside of Moscow, is an impression as of a cultural wilderness, a moral desert, comparable to life in a barracks or a penitentiary, where every violation of regulation, or departure from the prescribed regimen of diet and discourse, is regarded with suspicion as evidence of criminality or treason. Meanwhile remote villages and "the great open spaces" of Kazakistan, Siberia and Mongolia are being colonized steadily by groups of individuals who, dissenting from the established orthodoxy in one or another department of life and thought, are forced to journey thither for a longer or shorter sojourn. . . . The prison-cars move out from the Kazan railroad station in Moscow, late at night, filled with prisoners passing into exile, as they used to do in the days of the Romanoffs and their odious secret police. How long will this go on? What will stop it? . . . When will the human reaction come? . . .

These are some of the dark and more terrible facts behind the red glare of propaganda and superficial economic progress, confirmed by personal observation and inquiry during five months in Russia, reluctant as I was to believe them, when I first arrived in Moscow, a Liberal and a lover no less of social justice than individual liberty. Those who speak of Russia, therefore, as do some young persons of my acquaintance, as their "spiritual home," must be so jaded with the superficial conventionalities of Europe and America that

they are willing to seek a home among the half-living and a life of uncertainty narrowly hemmed by prohibitions and sustained by fanatical prejudices; or they must think that a few new-fangled factories and factory schools, and an aggressive revolutionary dogma, are worth more than the varied culture of Europe and the free achievement of America; or they must speak of Russia as Thomas Paine once spoke of France when he said: "Where Liberty is not,—there is my country"; meaning that there was a new battlefield where a man could fight for liberty and his own soul!

ALAN DARE.

The City of Brisk in the State of Edona

The quotations in this article are from the front pages of the one morning newspaper in the City of Brisk, State of Edona, a city of several hundred thousand population.

The evening newspaper in the same city is quite similar as to literary, pictorial, reportorial and other standards. Other pages of the morning newspaper from which I quote are frequently of the same thrilling style. These front pages have been selected at random. Do not forget that there are good points about both papers despite what I refer to. For the sake of the many splendid citizens of Brisk—many of whom bitterly condemn their newspapers—dates and names herein given are fictitious. The author has clippings as proof of his reports and comments.

April 5, 1930: The big heavy headline across the front page reads: "Brisk Banker Held in Check Plot." The next important headline reads: "Two Are Jailed in Killing of Brisk Boy; Sister's Mate and Boarder at Home Arrested." The third leading headline is: "Woman Dry Leader in Jail as Liquor Toter," with details from far off Texas. Another important headline is: "Husband Phones but Never Goes Home, Wife Says." This is accompanied with a seven inch long picture of the lady. Again: "Will Favoring Sweetheart of Major Is Found; Government Launches Probe into Death of Officer's First Wife." Next headline: "Forty-five Stage Pajama Parties in Love Cottage, Girl Says; Young Business Men Participate in Orgies, 16-Year Old Asserts; 15 Arrested in Raid on Nest." This from another state. Again on this page is the headline: "Row Is Fatal; Sportsman Slays Man When He Interferes in Family Quarrel." This is accompanied by a five-inch-long picture of the lady. Next comes the headline: "Like Her Dad, Prefers Following Father's Footsteps, Claims Professor Asking Divorce." This lady's picture is four inches long. The larger part of the page is taken up with details following the above headlines.

Issue of April 6, 1930, has this big black headline across the front page: "Guardian Faces Prison for Boy Slaying." This thrilling story is carried over to page 3 of the same issue where the picture of a girl 12 years of age, who is alleged to have witnessed the shooting, is presented. The picture is nine by six inches. The young lady has an insufferable expression of conceit on her countenance and apparently has "dressed" for the occasion, being as scantily attired as one could expect. She evidently enjoyed being exploited. The second important headline on this front page reads: "Edona Demands Death for Penitentiary Rebel; Assassination of Hangman Laid to Robber." Next we have: "Ex-Edonian Arrested in Slaying of Coast Girl." Next comes the headline: "Jinx Days Mean Nothing in Face of True Love," with a five-inch picture of the lady. This story is all right and refreshing in the midst of the general mess. Again we have a good big headline: "Women Fight Duel with Pistols for Love of Man; Feminine Seconds Jump Into Affray with Knives," etc. This fight is reported from Mexico. This front page also has the larger portion of it given to other thrills.

Issue of April 7, 1930, starts with big heavy type across the page: "Slayer Steals Identity of Brisk Husband, Girl Victim Is Found Wife of Edonian." Almost next in importance comes: "Five Convicts Escape from State Pen Farm," etc. Again: "Pals Will Be Pallbearers for Boy Slain by Mert; Buddies Will Carry Body of Youth Who Died Because He 'Stayed Out Too Late.'" Again: "Farmer Slain by Dry Raiders, Sheriff Shoots Man in Back as He Flees." Again: "Broadway Queen Dies Rather Than Live in Exile, Beautiful Blond Takes Death Leap," etc. Part of this page is taken up with political and other matters.

Issue of April 8, 1930: Here for once we have the big across-page headline not flaunting crime. Instead there is a tariff headline. Next in importance on this page comes the big headline: "Killer of Brisk Man's Wife to Face Murder Count Today." A picture, six by four inches, of the murdered woman appears in the center of the page. There is also a smaller picture of the ex-convict accused of killing the woman. Again we have the sizable headline: "Robbers Posing as Census Takers Rob Count's Wife." On this page, under a modest headline, "March Divorces Lead Marriages," etc., it is stated: "Thus far, during the first quarter of 1930, 501 divorces have been granted in Brisk; 431 marriage licenses have been issued and 325 divorce suits filed." Unsavory marital trouble and pictures of divorcees are given much attention in the newspapers of Brisk.

In the April 9, 1930, issue the big heavy across-page headline is "Rich Man Hangs Self in Brisk Hotel; Mysterious Note Left by Aged Guest." Next in importance is the headline: "Drinking Party Which Led to Woman's Death Told by Girl." The picture of the principal witness in this case is over four inches long, the largest picture on the page. Again comes the headline: "Drunkenness Arrests Gain in Edona." Again we have the headline: "Has Mate Held, Wants Him Out, Wife Pleads for Spouse's Release in Support Case." The picture of the lady involved is attached. Again, another headline: "Missing Girls Abandon Car, Mystery in Case Deepens When Auto Is Found." The picture of one of these young persons is attached. Again, we have a good-sized headline: "Body of Edona Boy Found Hanging in Shed." Again, the fair-sized headline: "Mayor Kills Self After Editor Shot." Part of the page is devoted to some

stirring matters not particularly associated with crime.

It must be remembered that the above sample pages are only samples. But when some particularly atrocious story of murder, lust and blood comes along many newspapers are extraordinary. Whole pages may be devoted to gruesome details.

Every day there is spread before many of the households of this country a record of social and domestic sins that eat as a canker into the heart of human happiness, but which are alluringly referred to as "romances," "love nests," or something of the sort. The words "killer" or "lover" are often placed side by side. "Slay" is a popular newspaper word. In many cases when a man has lived a bad life he is admiringly referred to as having lived a "colorful life." The pure things, the ennobling things, the details of activities on behalf of human betterment are often relegated to inconspicuous places or suppressed. Is it astonishing that crimes increase, that mere children run away, are married as a joke and secure divorces, when they are quite sure that they will be glorified with important pictures in some of our daily journals? Is it strange that other youngsters, with or without home restraint, imitate them?

There are some splendid newspapers in the United States, but what are we going to do about the other sort? Thousands—millions—of our decent people deplore their helplessness but do not know how to deliver themselves from this situation.

The *Christian Science Monitor,* Boston, Mass., is an example of clean news combined with a broad and internationally-minded journalism. Every day this up-to-date newspaper reports vital stories of what is going on in the world. Its pictures are elevating, its editorials are free from misleading political comments, it banishes scandal, lust, crime, sin. It vigorously contends for prohibition. Because of its high character it has a wide circulation among all denominations throughout the United States. Why cannot other people of this country combine to carry on a great, clean, Christianized daily? An educational authority on prohibition in the form of a great metropolitan daily is a need of the hour. Such a newspaper if, for instance, published simultaneously in New York and Chicago—and experience shows that such a method is possible—could cover the most populous areas of America. Many a decent family removed from those great centers of population throughout the United States would be willing to get news a few hours late if proffered to them in clean sheets. We annually collect millions of money to carry on and protect missions in foreign fields; why can we not invest money in a great daily newspaper which will protect our own homes?

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

Einstein in Chicago

The Einstein Reception in the Union Station in Chicago on the morning of March third was a thrilling affair. No reliable estimate of numbers can be made; press reports vary—they said four hundred—a thousand—two thousand. All of us were in good humor. Old friends met there who had not seen one another since our strenuous efforts for peace and decent terms of peace in 1917-1918.

Einstein spoke such plain peace doctrine when he first arrived in New York in December that I was convinced I could get an interview with him on pacifist subjects. So I wrote him in Pasadena and asked if he would see me on the matter of the Griffin Bill. (Citizenship to be no longer refused to aliens who are pacifists.) His reply was favorable; he would answer questions frankly and I might use his words as I wished. I went to Pasadena and took with me my brother who had been my companion on the Henry Ford Peace Expedition—along with Dr. and Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and those other crusaders.

I will not try to give here the free and frank statements that Einstein made during that interview. The Press would not print the account I submitted to them—too pacifist!

But his interview left an open door for me, so, in spite of his dislike of crowds and especially of the very rude manners of most newspaper men, he gave me on February 26th a telegram permitting me to arrange for a Peace Delegation to see him en route to Berlin.

Let me include here a few words of greeting I tried to utter against the noise of the eager crowd thronging around the rear end of his Pennsylvania train. They will express the purpose of our campaign.

Greeting from Lola Maverick Lloyd to Professor Einstein

Professor Einstein, the greatest scientists of America have greeted you and feted you everywhere, but we are not scientists. We are here as fellow pacifists to welcome you and prove to you that Chicago citizens do not all believe in violence! We want to take the glory out of violence as a policy—at home or abroad.

How grateful we are for your brave and frank statements on peace and war! You have made us feel more hopeful of a reasonable future for the human species on this planet. We are glad that you are willing now and then to leave your quiet laboratory and face the crowds and the photographers and the reporters. That's the only way to get good pacifist doctrine to the ears of the multitude. Our people have begun to learn that you are tackling and trying to solve human problems as well as problems of physics.

Even the Hopi Indians have heard, and they made no mistake when they named you our *"Great Relative."*

Your actual words are reaching around the world, and pacifists everywhere take heart and begin peace action.

Among us are men who refused war service in seventeen and eighteen, and went to jail for their faith. There are widows here of conscientious objectors, and other men and women who were able to speak out against war even in war time, and sacrificed heavily rather than compromise.

But most of us had to learn the full lesson of pacifism by the hard knocks of our own experience during the World War. Now we all belong to that two percent that must and will be ready to say to our governments, "No more war."

There are indeed people of influence here today, but among us is no very great fortune. Still we have what we think a golden idea: We want to start with our small donation of today a great peace fund which you shall use to further peace in any way you see fit.

Everybody knows that your brain is a super brain. Very well, then, let men and women of great wealth follow our example and put some of their wealth at your disposal. Then see what wonderful experiments you can make in the great laboratory of human relations. We are proud to start herewith *the Einstein Peace Fund.*

The crowd, naturally, was not eager to hear what

I had to say but I said it. After the first applause on seeing the great man come forward people quieted down quite respectfully. Albert Einstein spoke clearly but not over loud. His statement had been carefully prepared but he held the only copy of it in his hand. Can you blame the Press for raging a little when they could get hold of no copies in any language? They were finally appeased by being given a car to themselves, locked to outsiders where a literal translation into English was made for them by a competent person from the one and only sheet of type.

Einstein's Speech March 3

Political developments in recent years give added proof of the mistake we make in leaving to our governments the job of abolishing armaments and overcoming the spirit of militarism.

Nor can pacifists alone bring us much nearer to our goal, even if they organize in immense groups.

It is my conviction that the only way is actual refusal of military service. Material as well as moral support must be provided by organizations in different countries for all individuals who have the courage to resist war.

This is the way to make our battle for peace real and vital and attract strong characters into it.

What I propose is not legal, but, when a government demands criminal actions from its citizens, they have a very real right to oppose it, and we must uphold them.

Though they think they are very good pacifists, many persons will excuse themselves on patriotic grounds from any participation in such radical pacifism. But in critical times no one can count on such persons anyway—as we learned well enough during the World War.

After Einstein had spoken, Frau Einstein smilingly greeted the crowd, and was presented with a bouquet of red roses from the Anti-Military Group of Antioch College (Ohio).

A book given to Einstein just before the train left was made by hand for him by Elaine Fisher, and filled with clippings about his visit here and the autographs of all his friends she could reach.

A symbolic statuette representing the crushing burden of war was presented by the sculptor, Charles Haag. He calls it the "Croix de Guerre."

When his party returned to his regular car—not a special—Einstein was cornered in his drawing room by a persistent group of pressmen and it was very difficult to help him move about and greet new or old friends. We did our best. He was so patient! Frau Einstein also. She wished to let everyone come in and shake his hand and talk to him. When train officials relentlessly forced the door of the car shut and began to compel people to leave at the other end, she begged them to hold the train a little longer and let it be a half hour late. "They are so eager; let them come in," she begged.

We must, indeed, be deeply grateful to Albert Einstein for his courageous help to the peace cause. Let us also appreciate the warm heart of Elsa Einstein which keeps open the connection between his great mind and our lesser minds.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

LX

1

We should not think that an old faith is true because it is old. The longer men live, the clearer, the more understandable, the simpler and firmer does the law of God become. To think that we have to believe exactly as did our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, is just the same as to think that the clothes you wore as a child will fit you when you grow up.

2.

Neither splendid temples, nor golden ornaments, nor organs, nor singing are necessary to true faith. On the contrary, true faith always enters into the heart in quietness and solitude.

3.

Man may make use of the tradition that has come down to him from wise and holy men of the past, but he should verify by his reason what is transmitted to him, casting out of tradition what is inconsistent with reason, and accepting what is consistent with it. Every man should determine for himself his own attitude toward the world.

4.

Religion is a state in which our deeds are conditioned by considerations relating not only to this temporary life, but to all the eternal, infinite life.

LXI

1.

Man lives by the spirit and not by the body. If he knows this and places his life not in the body, but in the spirit, though you put him in chains, behind iron bars, he will always be free.

2.

All our ills arise from forgetting God dwells in us and from selling Him for the mess of pottage of physical pleasures.

3.

To say that the foundation of all is physical and that the spiritual is a product of the physical is the same as to say that the foundation of my physical life is the food I eat. Although it is quite correct that without food I cannot live, and that all my body is but food transformed, still all my physical life is not food. Food is only one of its conditions; for my life depends on the complex structure of my body with all its functions.

It is just the same with the body and spiritual being. Although I do not know the whole of my spiritual being apart from the body, I know that the body is only one of the conditions of that spiritual essence of which I am conscious. Were there no body, not only would there be no food but the very idea of food would not exist. Just so, were there no spirit, neither the body, nor the idea of it would exist. The essence of all is my spiritual consciousness of life.

4.

Man is conscious of two lives within him: one, the physical, that gradually grows weaker and moves toward death; and another, the spiritual, that constantly grows stronger from birth to death. (Lao-Tse says finely,

that what is weak and pliant, like a child, is mighty and full of life; while what is strong and unyielding, is approaching death). If a man does not know this second life that increases and grows in strength, he is in the position of a person under a sentence of death, that is constantly, little by little, being carried into execution. This situation is terrible, but once he is conscious of himself as a spiritual being, he sees the opposite: the constant growth of that which he considers to be himself.

5.

There is no life in the body. The body lives only by the soul. And if, at times, it seems to a man that he lives by the body alone, this only means that he does not know in what his life consists. To know that you live not by the body but by the soul is necessary for a good life.

LXII

1.

Only converse with a man, look deep into his eyes, and you will feel that you are akin to him; that, as it were, you knew him before, long ago. Why is this? Because that by which you live is one and the same in you and in him and in all men.

2.

However bad, however disgusting a man may be in our eyes, we must think and say: this man disgusts me, but it is his body, his voice, his speech, his deeds, that are disgusting. His soul is one with me. In him dwells the same spirit that dwells in me. We should seek in every man what unites us with him, and not what separates us from him.

3.

The more a man lives for the soul instead of the body, the more he feels his unity with all living beings.

4.

There are two ways of knowing the outer world: one, the inevitable and the crudest way is through the five senses. The world that we know could not be set up in us through this way of knowledge—but there would be a confusion that we could in no way untangle. The second way consists in coming to know ourselves through love toward self; then in knowing other beings through love toward them: in passing over into them and living by them. By their bodies people are, as it were, separated and cannot know each other, but through love they can always pass over into one another in thought. In this way we truly know other beings. A man can always emerge from self and enter into another, and not only into another man, but into the life of the whole world. In this lies the great felicity of man.

5.

By our bodies we are separate from all living beings, but by the spirit we are bound up with them. Some waves of the spiritual world we feel, some have not yet reached us, but they are coming, as comes the light from a star that is still invisible to our eyes.

6.

To be conscious of one's own life in the spirit and to recognize the same thing in other men is inconsistent with subordination, patronage or beneficence. It is only consistent with love.

7.

There is an Arabian legend that tells how Moses, wandering in the desert, overheard a shepherd praying to God. The shepherd prayed "O, Lord, if only I might draw near to Thee and become Thy servant. With what joy I would put on Thy shoes, and wash Thy feet and kiss them, and comb out Thy hair, and wash Thy clothing for Thee, and clean Thy dwelling, and bring Thee milk from my herd. My heart longs after Thee." Moses, hearing these words, was angry at the shepherd, and said: "You are a blasphemer. God has no body. He needs neither clothing, nor dwelling, nor servant. You speak ill." And the shepherd was grieved, for he could not imagine God without a body and bodily needs. No more could he pray and serve God, and he fell into despair. Then God said to Moses: "Why have you driven My true servant away from Me? Every man has his own thoughts and his own speech. What is bad for you is good for another. What is poison for you is sweet mead for another. Words mean nothing. I see the heart of him who turns to Me."

(*To be continued*)

The Need of Spiritual Fire

[A Plea for the Arts]

On every side we hear sung the praises of this triumphant age of scientific achievement. No one would question for one instant the miracle of healing and comfort and happiness that science, especially medical science, has brought to millions of human beings, but there are many of us who do not question the fact that scientific advance has come to a stage today where it may cease to be a blessing and threatens to become a curse to the human race.

The very science that knows the magic of bringing a sick child back to the glory of health and the road toward splendid manhood, teaches the deadly methods of making gases which will wipe out in a few pitiful moments whole cities and lay waste vast strips of populated areas. This very science teaches men how to throw mutilating bombs and how to shoot brutal cannon over incredible distances.

What we need is not more science, but more heart, more faith, more knowledge of ways to divert into the clear-flowing channels of aggressive human ingenuity those forces which surge in the mind of man. Of what use is the magic to heal the sick child if he is to be crushed to death a few years later in war?

Not until our ethics catch up to our powers of scientific development and our mental and physical potentialities will the earth be made a tolerable place for the expansion of the human soul and the growth of happiness for all.

In this vaunted age of marvel, when the switch of a tiny button illumines a mammoth hall and brings voices from thousands of miles away into the seclusion of our homes, we have advanced no further in reality than our savage forbears. A self-constituted minority still rule the people as they have done in all ages, people

who are not chattel slaves but are in some ways worse off. The slave at least was clothed and fed after a fashion, but the slave chained today to the wheel of modern industry under the profit-system may be out of a job tomorrow with no shelter or food for himself or his family.

We still live under the terror of war. Our sons may any day be seized from our threshold and thrust into the hell-fire of the battle-line. And if we protest, if we plead for a saner, a kinder civilization, all we must do is to remember Sacco and Vanzetti in the death house in Massachusetts and Mooney and Billings in their living tombs in California.

What we need to stress in our lives today are values that will lead to individual development and the growth of imaginative power, and to crystallize these values into communal activity. Too much is taken for granted in modern life. We turn on a radio. We go to a movie. Everything is done for us. It comes so easily. What is needed is group action which will develop comradely living, tolerance and sympathy. I feel there is no better way of doing this than in the development on the part of communities of the arts. What possibilities are offered by local dramatic groups, musical groups and poetry groups!

But, of infinitely greater importance than this, we must arouse in people a spiritual fire—the sense of indignation at wrong, which will bring about greater economic justice and the destruction of the profit system. Something must be done to quell the insufferable apathy that is stultifying the American people. Today the exuberance of the American goes into a child-like worship of athletics and money. It is not a wilful desire on the part of the people that keeps them from forcing the release of Mooney and Billings, but a terrible indifference. In this struggle to quell apathy the arts can help, for spontaneity, passion and sympathy constitute the very essence of art.

Not long ago I was in a small New England city at a moving picture show. An Indian leader was shown in a news reel, speaking eloquently on behalf of his people in their struggle for freedom. When my husband and I applauded, we were gazed on by the spectators and laughed at as freaks, as crazy, and this on the Fourth of July, the day we celebrate our own independence from Great Britain! These people like most Americans are cold to passionate feeling. Their apathy must be killed. We shall rot spiritually and become robots, senseless machines, if this apathy is not overcome.

No! It is not science the world needs, but faith which science can not give. Science is impersonal and cannot touch the individual or kindle transcendent imagination. This task is for the arts. Therefore, my plea is: *More Art, More Faith* in the brave quest for the wider fulfilment of each human life and the larger happiness for all on the fraternal soil of the earth.

LUCIA TRENT.

The Study Table

Humanist Religion

In "Humanist Religion"* Mr. Reese speaks with frank sincerity and fearless forthrightness which has become characteristic of his writing on religion. There is no danger of misunderstanding him and no doubt as to his self-commitment to the program he proposes. More than most of the modern Humanists he has escaped the haunting nostalgia for the securities and consolations of the dear, dead faith of other days. He is glad and eager in the naturalistic world with its pluralism and tentativeness because he is confident that man may, if he will, transform the natural-social environment to embody his desired values and, moreover, he has faith that man *will* when once he has cast off the anchorage to ultimates and eternals and accepted responsibility for the religious task.

The test of the naturalistic Humanist is in the degree of his manifestation of the scientific attitude and spirit. Among other things this involves tolerance, sympathy, historical perspective and appreciation of how things and people came to be as they are. Mr. Reese meets this test well. He has definite and firm convictions but he does not meet dogmatism with dogmatism. There is no iconoclasm here. He is at ease in the new humanistic climate, and surveys theologies and ecclesiasticisms with quiet understanding. His interest is not in destroying but in leading. In the presence of fundamentalist and modernist attacks, this is a sign of strength and very reassuring.

The book falls into three parts—a survey of the major philosophies of life; a sketch of the drift of modern religions toward Humanistic programs and ideals; illustrations of the practical approach of Humanism to such problems as democracy, industrialism and war. It is significant of the change in our religion that what Mr. Reese says in the last two sections will probably be claimed by the Modernists as their own position in the main. In recognizing the drift of religious thinking and religious interests and the practical nature of religious problems Humanist and Modernist are more at one than they think. The great difference lies in their interpretation of the cosmic setting of the religious drama. The theological reference of the Modernist would lead him to an entirely different presentation of the identical materials used by Mr. Reese because the Modernist understanding of what religion is differs radically from his. For him religion is not "one of man's concerns" but "man's one concern." Religion is not belief, nor worship, nor attitude toward an ineffable cosmic meaning but a way of living fully, beautifully and includes the whole of the complex activity of human social relationships. That may make all the difference in the seriousness of approach to such problems as those of industrialism and war.

Perhaps it would have been better if the author had omitted the section on major philosophies of life and instead, taken the whole chapter to expound the principles of the Humanist philosophy of living. He should know that when one writes philosophy one must write big books, abstruse, complex, intricate, complicated. Such a clear, brief and simple statement as this has no chance. It makes philosophy too easy and philosophic giants of the old tradition have their dignity to maintain. Mr. F. C. S. Schiller said the general European attitude toward William James was: "We can understand him, and what we understand, we despise." And then, there is always the fact that most

*Humanist Religion, by Curtis W. Reese, Macmillan, $1.00.

Modernists no longer hold to these philosophies of the past so simply stated in their naive crudity. They have decorated them with glorious patterns of beautifully interwoven words so that the forthright statement of crude theism or materialism leaves them unscathed and unmoved.

The characteristic marks of Humanism, according to the author are—"the centering of attention upon human interests; the use, the control and the altering of reality for human ends; and the holding of doctrines as hypothetical and ideals as tentative." The spirit of religion in its Humanist form is movingly presented,—

> Humanist religion plunges boldly into the thick of the battle for a full life for all mankind. It is interested in everything that concerns human life. The sweat of the shop and the grind of the market place, as well as the thoughts of philosophers and the dreams of seers. It sorrows over every wail of woe and rejoices over every far flung hope. Sometimes grimly, sometimes buoyantly, but always definitely and with rear bridges burned, Humanism tackles life situations. Issues shift, needs change, men grow old and pass away; but always there remains the human struggle to wring a satisfactory life from environing situations that are sometimes none too friendly. But with greater knowledge comes greater control, and with greater control more visions of far reaching goals. With increasing knowledge and foresight, with growing determination and power, man moves steadily forward, striking from his soul the chains that nature and his older self have forged, courageously facing the present, and venturing in the face of greatest difficulties to chart the unknown to-morrow.

Better than in his earlier writing, Mr. Reese has in this book caught the fervor and warm humanness of Humanism. The neglect of orientation of the social in an at-homeness in the cosmic setting may disturb some who seek a total philosophy. That is a small defect. The driving, motive power for human effort is here consciously recognized to be where it has always been in actuality, in the urge of human desires for fulfilment. That is the important thing. The crux of Humanism lies just there. Failure of fulfilment in theistic religions easily found compensation and consolation in a confident transcendent reference. Humanism must find the practical program for the progressive realization of ideals in actuality. It carries no anesthetic for failure. It dares to have faith in the perfecting of the scientific method in the realm of human relations. For Humanists this is a matter for anxious and immediate meditation.

A. Eustace Haydon.

An Interpreter of Life

We commend this little book* to all lovers of Dr. Crothers, and to all who did not love him only because they did not know him. His successor in the pulpit of the Unitarian church in St. Paul has written here a marvellously illuminating interpretation of him who was one of the greatest of interpreters. For all his simplicity, there were profound deeps hidden away in Dr. Crothers to which few persons ever penetrated. Mr. Eliot goes to their central springs, and therewith reveals the secret of the man. Especially valuable is his study of Dr. Crothers' preaching, which unhappily never found the wide audience of his essays and lectures. Choice souls knew why, and, save for others, did not mourn. To all who knew Dr. Crothers this memoir is a precious document. Quite apart from its tribute to a memorable life, it is in itself a work of art. It is to be hoped that it is only a forerunner, so to speak, of the full-length biography of this wise and witty philosopher, this serene prophet of the free spirit, which should soon or late appear.

J. H. H.

*"Samuel McChord Crothers," by Frederick M. Eliot. Published by the Beacon Press, Boston. $1.00.

Jonathan Swift*

"His latest biographer," says Carl Van Doren of his own book on Swift, "has preferred to examine the entire evidence, to select what he believes to be truth, to tell it and to leave gossip where gossip belongs." The outcome of the method is marked on every page of this model for biographical writers. For when the reader has finished the volume he is familiar with all that is known of Saint Patrick's most distinguished dean. And he will have learned of Swift's career in a literary style not untouched by the vigor of Swift himself.

The new biography enthusiast will not find Van Doren's contribution to the studies of eighteenth century notables a new literary scandal. Stella and Vanessa come in for a fair share of attention but neither one of them dominate any portion of the book. When these two ladies and their relation with Swift have long been considered strange factors in the English literary world of the early eighteenth century there must have been some temptation to thrash out the matter in full. But Van Doren never yielded for a moment. Even in the stormy period of Queen Ann politics, so much influenced by the Irish churchman and of such influence upon him, does not carry the course of discussion into the intricate details of the fortunes of state. Swift emerges as a political figure feared by Walpole himself, yet the reader is held down to the things and events that play directly upon Swift's personality—the personality that remains an enigma for all time.

Fortunately the Dean is not psycho-analyzed, though he might well please any one of the present crop of biographers who insist on this over-worked method. Here was a character of contradictions. An honest man who was apt to fall into a frankness that was studied. He was pathological in his fastidiousness while his mind was too often nasty. He hated Man but he was devoted to not a few men, and to two women. In England he was loyal to the Crown; in Ireland he passionately denounced that same Crown. Just how to interpret this paradoxical giant is the task confronting the biographer. Surely no one could have succeeded like Van Doren.

Some are bound to feel disappointed in that Van Doren does not attempt an appraisal of Swift's work for our time. Perhaps the answer is that the present study is not a critique but a biography. Serving its purpose so adequately we may look for still another study to fulfil the other demand.

Not a few will continue to wonder how the cynical dean could remain "faithful," so faithful that his orthodoxy was never questioned, while he persisted in a pessimism that left no trace of hope. But, then, such questions go without answer in our own time. What ecclesiastic attempts to identify his religion with his view of man and the world?

Raymond B. Bragg.

"Swift," bp Carl Van Doren. Viking Press. pp 279. $3.00.

Correspondence

"Must England Lose India?" Is Suppressed in India

Editor of UNITY:

A few weeks ago, in UNITY, we read with great interest the splendid review of the book, "Must England Lose India?" by Lt. Col. Osburn, D.S.O. When I read the book I classed it with the great work, "India in Bondage," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

It may be of interest to the readers of UNITY and others to know that the book has been suppressed in India. Recently a European lady, traveling in India, had a copy of this book with her. She bought it just before she left for India to read on the steamer. When she landed in India, British officials confiscated the book. She pleaded ignorance of the prohibition order and requested that the book might be sent to her home address, but it was refused, because the British authorities are interested in checking its circulation. One fact stands out clearly—that any book on India, written by an American, Englishman or Indian, which tells the truth about British misrule in India, is bound to be suppressed and confiscated.

TARAKNATH DAS

San Remo, Italy.

The Masses

Editor of UNITY:

Just now, in the world, young men and young women have unusual opportunities to mold the life of their country. In many ways this is the day of youth, because the World-Spirit is reconstructing the world into a new mold. Religions are losing their hold over cultured men and women, and particularly over boys and girls as they come to manhood and womanhood. There is a spirit of rebellion abroad everywhere, but there is also an idealism toward reconstruction. This reconstruction of the world must come from the young people of today, though those of us who are the elders have done our part to prepare the ground for them to begin their work.

The particular fact which I would like to put before young men and young women is that they can find great inspiration for their activities from the masses. Usually youth looks to the finest products of culture in order to gain the inspiration which it needs. Literature is often considered as an indication of the movements of the Time-Spirit. But I think a far truer indication is to be found in the thoughts and feelings of the masses. The World-Spirit certainly produces flowers of culture from the classes called "educated," but the same Spirit is all the time working upon the ignorant masses also.

There is a great inspiration which can be gained by those who care to dedicate themselves to understand the masses. The masses may be ignorant, and in deepest poverty, yet with their ignorance and poverty go seeds of great beauty. The suffering masses are one expression of humanity, and wherever there is humanity there is also Divinity latent. Therefore, I would recommend young men and women, who want to become leaders in the world, never to forget the masses.

We know by experience how a great musical composition inspires us, how looking at a sunset is like a balm on a wound. In exactly the same way, to him who has the right understanding, to wander among the masses and to try to comprehend their difficulties, and especially to sympathize with their sufferings, is an inspiration which leads to great self-discovery.

Though at first sight culture seems to be generated from the educated classes, we must remember that those educated classes are themselves rooted in the masses. Therefore, in these times of change, if one finds no inspiration in the culture of today, I feel certain that he can always find that inspiration, if he will go with a sense of reverence towards the masses, and aim to be united with their sufferings and their ideals.

C. JINARAJADASA.

Adyar, Madras, India

The Field

(*Continued from page* 34)

in demands of a crassly anti-Semitic nature, as absurd from a cultural point of view as they are utterly detestable from a moral standpoint. Incitements against everything Jewish are a daily occurrence. People no longer recoil from excesses amounting even to pogroms in their character.

What exactly is the charge against the Jews of Germany? In the first place it is the universal economic breakdown which requires some explanation. In addition to this economic world crisis, there is the fact of the yearly reparation-payments, which run into milliards, and must be raised by successive generations of those who have no share whatever in the guilt either of the outbreak of the world war, or in the peace treaties, or in the economic catastrophe. The anti-Semitic parties seize upon these things. They make out that the tribute of milliards, which is flowing into the pockets of American capitalism, is due to an arrangement made by the Jews; and all the injustices, which have arisen perhaps from the method of raising those payments, are attributed to the Jews of Germany—particularly to that section of German Jews, who themselves, in the general economic collapse, have sunk into the proletariat.

We know quite well that the arguments of the anti-Semitic people are entirely wrong and unjustified, as well as completely untenable. We pay no heed whatever to the mode of thought of the Hitlerites and their adherents in our spiritual attitude to the ethics of Judaism.

But we urge the Jewish societies and organizations and the great Jewish unions in the United States to approach their government and the authorities concerned with the financial regulation of the reparation questions, with the open request to cancel the German war debts. Today, twelve years after the end of the war, in the midst of a time of frightful and unexampled poverty, it is immoral and irreligious in the highest sense of the word, to claim yearly payments of milliards of money from the masses of a people driven to the verge of despair. All upright and religious American Jews must give expression to this warning appeal, to these moving cries for justice and morals, at this very moment, at this time of mutual incitement of the peoples against one another. It must be made now, for one day it may be too late, one day when the atmosphere of unrest all over the world will have led to a new outbreak of slaughter, in comparison with which the war of 1914-18 was a mere child's play.

We dare not underestimate the despair of the masses who are being plunged into misery. There are millions of men who have nothing more to lose and who are willing, therefore, to risk everything.

It is therefore most urgent that the Jews of the United States, should raise their voices as one against the senselessness of the endless reparation-payments. By such action on their part an immeasurable service would be rendered to the cause of our sublime religion.

J. RAPHAEL

Berlin, Germany

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